UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Just Being Human

By FRANK C. DOAN

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Chapter VIII. By M. K. GANDHI

Akhnaton: "The First Individual in History"

By BLANCHE WATSON

VOLUME XCVII NUMBER 14

Chicago, May 31, 1926

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE Pamphlet Mission FOR FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:
ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
JENKIN LL. JONES, Janesville. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati.
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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROGERS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
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UNITY PUBLISHING Co., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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has written his Autobiography entitled

"THE STORY OF MY EXPERIMENTS WITH TRUTH"

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVII MONDAY, MAY 31, 1926 NUMBER 14

ALTRUISM

"The earth is not the abode of the strong alone;
it is also the home of the loving."
—J. Arthur Thomson.

The God of things that are
Is the God of the highest heaven;
The God of the morning star,
Of the thrush that sings at even;
The God of the storm and sunshine,
Of the wolf, the snail, and the bee,
Of the Alp's majestic silence,
Of the boundless depths of the sea;

The God of the times and the nations,
Of the planets as they roll,
Of the numberless constellations,
Of the limitless human soul.
For there is nothing small,
And naught can mighty be;
Archangels and atoms all—
Embodiments of Thee!

A single thought divine
Holds stars and suns in space;
A dream of man is Thine,
And history finds its place.
When the universe was young
Thine was the perfect thought
That life should be bound in one
By the strand of love enwrought.

In the life of the fern and the lily,
Of the dragon and the dove,
Still through the stress and struggle
Waxes the bond of love.
Out from the ruthless ages
Rises, like incense mild,
The love of the man and the woman,
The love of the mother and child.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Subscription figures as of May 1st have just come to the editor's desk from the business office. We are thus able to make report of the results of our Gandhi campaign. The gain in total paid-up subscriptions is over 133 per cent; in other words, we have doubled our subscription list, and then gone on a full third of the way toward the trebling of the list. And new subscriptions are still coming in; the flood has passed, but the stream is still flowing! It is interesting to note where these new subscriptions come from. Every state in the Union is represented by the new subscribers with the exception of South Carolina, New Mexico, and Utah. The state turning in the largest group of new friends is New York; then come, in order, Massachusetts, Illinois, California, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, New Jersey, Washington, Wisconsin, Connecticut, Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, Kansas and North Carolina (tied), followed by Texas, Tennessee and Maryland. The rest are scattering and include the Philippines. Of foreign countries, the new subscribers come from Belgium, Canada, China, England, Germany, Holland, Hungary, India, Italy, New Zealand, and the Society Islands. Of these, it is interesting to note that Belgium, New Zealand and the Society Islands have not been represented on our subscription list before. Canada gives us the largest gain among foreign countries, with Germany next. Looking at our whole body of subscribers, new and old together, we find that UNITY now goes to every state in the American Union, plus Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippines, the Virgin Islands and the District of Columbia; and to twenty-four foreign countries, as follows—Australia, Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Canada, China, England, France, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Iceland, India, Indo-China, Italy, New Zealand, Japan, Russia, Society Islands, Sweden, Switzerland, Wales, and one country each in Africa and South America. This is far and away the largest circulation that UNITY has ever enjoyed in its more than forty years of history, and the widest distribution. On this latter point, we would raise the question as to whether any other religious magazine published in this country touches so large an area of the earth's surface as ours. There are other journals which have more readers, but what other has readers in so many different places?

We have suggested more than once in these columns that the course of events in India was destined to bring Mahatma Gandhi back into that position of leadership which he resigned two years ago, and that Gandhi himself was undoubtedly preparing himself for this resumption of responsibility. Now comes confirmation of our surmise in private advices from India that Gandhi has recently been conferring with leaders of various groups and parties at his headquarters at Ahmedabad. The collapse of the *Swarajist* campaign,

so dramatically emphasized by the withdrawal of native members from the councils and legislative assemblies, has given the desired opportunity for a fresh survey of the field and a new organization of united endeavor. Seeing the opportunity, the Mahatma, according to the report in our hands, invited all national leaders to meet him in conference, to the end of finding the way "to unite for the common cause of India's freedom." To the gathering thus assembled, Gandhi reiterated his doctrines of *Swadeshi* (independence), Charkha (spinning wheel), and *Khaddar* (handspun and hand-woven cloth). He reminded them of the provision of the National Congress that all members should wear *khaddar* and spin at least two thousand yards of cloth per month, and urged all to rally to the standard of the Congress on this basis. This was a reaffirmation, of course, of his belief in non-violent non-cooperation, and a challenge to all parties to resume this program by pledging themselves anew to these minimum provisions of the Congress. Most of the leaders, we are told, rose to the call and agreed to support the National Congress once again as the center of united effort against British rule. Some held back, of course—notably the friends of Britain who make excuse that it is beneath their dignity to use the spinning wheel. But it is evident that the Mahatma is ending factionalism, and organizing once again that discipline to non-cooperation which he knows so well to be the one way to political emancipation and cultural redemption. Gandhi stands on the threshold of a new leadership of a united India.

What we and others anticipated about the general strike in England was wide of the mark (See UNITY, May 17, page 179). We should have remembered that the strike was English and thus *sui generis*. It was muddled into, muddled through, and muddled out of. The direful threats uttered by both sides were vain—the government was not shaken, and the trades unions were not beaten to their knees. In the same way the fearful prophecies of dictatorship and revolution came to nothing—moderation was practised by everybody, and the constitution stands today as surely as ever the basis of life for all classes of the population in the British Isles. No problem was settled, no issue determined, no change in the relations of capital and labor effected. The situation the day after the strike was closed, remained in all essentials the same as it was the day before the strike was called. Yet were two things made perfectly manifest by this stupendous mass movement which portended so much and actually did so little. The first is the power of English labor as organized in the Trades Union Congress and the British Labor Party. The strike was no fizzle, no dramatic but ineffective gesture. It was the real thing—a unanimous laying down of tools and folding of arms by the working classes of the kingdom, and a resulting paralysis of national industry. The workers stood together, maintained discipline, and, above all things else, made manifestation of the enormously impressive fact that it recognizes its first loyalty to be not to "king and country" but to *Labor!* The second thing revealed by the general strike was the dangerous character of this weapon of revolt. The English unions revealed a power of organization that surprised even themselves; the strike as a strike was a success beyond anything that even the most radical leaders had forecast. But when the crisis came they did not dare to call out "the second line of defense;" and, as time went on, discovered that the first pinch of misery would be felt by the workers themselves. Such a strike, beyond all question, is a two-edged sword. Like all violence, it is quite as fatal to the one who employs it as to his enemy. All in all, this immense social upheaval was not without its uses. It showed to the workers, as to everybody else, the power of solidarity; and it pointed back to the Labor Party acting in the political field as the true way of progress.

In view of the loud proclamations by both the English and the American press that the English laborers capitulated in the strike, and thus acknowledged the victory of Baldwin and his cabinet, it may be well to emphasize what really took place. First of all, let it be noted that the strike was never at any time a political move, never a revolution aimed at government and the constitution. Every effort was made, to be sure, to represent it as a revolt of this character, for this was the one surest way of rallying public opinion against it, but there was not a grain of truth in the charge. The strike from beginning to end was a move to keep up wages, and thus to maintain the economic standard of living for English workers—i e., English citizens. It started in a walk-out of the miners against a reduction of wages. The other unions of the kingdom, knowing that if the coal barons succeeded in their move, other employers would immediately follow suit, saw at once that they must stand by the miners and see them through. The fight was a common fight which involved them all. So out they went—not to overthrow the king, not to destroy Baldwin, not to defy Parliament, but to keep up wages. And this is just exactly what they succeeded in doing! The trades unions called off the strike only when they received assurances from the cabinet that the wage-cut at the mines would be recalled, and the negotiations for the coal settlement resumed on the basis established by agreement last fall. From the standpoint of their own purposes, therefore, as contrasted with the wild and furious purposes "wished" upon them by the opposition, the workers won a complete victory. Wages remain at the old level, and the standard of life for English men and women is not lowered. Somebody else, in other words, has got to carry the burden of a

capitalistic system which has reached the point in England where it can no longer maintain itself. Labor is well content. What we are really seeing across the seas is the progressive collapse of capitalism, with labor entering slowly but surely into its inheritance.

It is a joyous experience to be able to record in these columns the acquittal of Dr. Henry Sweet, the Detroit Negro charged with murder for defending his home against mob attack (see UNITY, January 4, page 245). This marks a tremendous victory—for Clarence Darrow who defended Dr. Sweet, for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People which raised the funds and supported the case throughout, for justice in the state of Michigan, and for the colored people everywhere in their struggle against inequality and oppression. The case will long be remembered as marking the dramatic climax of the fight against Negro segregation in America. It came as the latest of a long series of cases which began with the famous Louisville case outlawing all state and municipal segregation ordinances, won before the United States Supreme Court in 1917. The Sweet case establishes the right of a Negro to defend his life and family and home from riotous assault by mobs having segregation as their object. The right of a white man thus to defend his personal interests, even under conditions of much less danger, has never been questioned anywhere. But a Negro is different—or at least has so been regarded by custom and even by law. He must take whatever comes to him—accept without resistance whatever the "superior" white man may be pleased to visit upon him. If he doesn't like it, he can run away, and thus make the best of it. But Dr. Sweet refused to run away. When he was ordered out of his own house, he paid no attention. When attacked by a mob, left free by the police to work its will, he stood his ground. Now the court has vindicated him —and white mobs will think twice—yea, thrice—before they undertake to attack a Negro's home again. A Negro, in other words, is possessed of all the rights enjoyed by any other man, and government will vindicate him in the exercise of these rights. In the two trials, the National Association spent nearly $40,000. This was handsomely covered, however, by voluntary contributions received from all parts of the United States, and also from the West Indies and Europe.

Had not the *Christian Century,* a perfectly good church paper, shown us the lead, we doubt if we would have had the temerity to state our feelings about Dr. S. Parkes Cadman's recent performance on the militarist issue. We have a profound respect for Dr. Cadman as one of the outstanding preachers of our day. He has vigor, potency of personality, homiletical ability of a high order, scholarship of no mean scope, a love of culture, wit and genuine eloquence, above all, a catholicity of spirit sorely needed among the religious leaders of our time. Just because of our regard for a man possessed of these rare and precious qualities, we are the more dishheartened by his lack of courage and forthrightness on this question of militarism. Listen to the story! On a certain Sunday, in one of his radio talks, Dr. Cadman condemned military training in the public schools, and did it without apology or evasion. It was a magnificent performance, which, to quote the *Christian Century,* "made upon many of us the impression that a great and masterful leader of the cause against war had appeared." Immediately a storm of fury broke about his ears. He was under fire from the militarists in a way which must have brought surprise to so popular an orator. Then came a series of retractions which "maketh the heart sick." On the Friday following the Sunday, Dr. Cadman spoke at an armory in Brooklyn, praised the militia with ringing phrase, and declared that, if parents wanted to make their boys good citizens, here was the training school. Later, in a newspaper interview, came the statement that he believed absolutely in the business of national defence by force of arms. Finally Dr. Cadman, pressed to reveal his whole attitude on war, defined war as a "melancholy necessity." Here was a complete capitulation, for if war is to be accepted as a "necessity," melancholy or otherwise, the peace movement is bankrupt, and the receivership in the hands of the militarists. What Dr. Cadman was doing is obvious. He realized that he was in danger of losing his popular and conventional public, and sought to set himself right. But at what a cost! Dr. Cadman, like many another man before him, has reached the point where he may well take counsel of Luke VI: 26.

A large number of our readers are interested in Independence for the Philippines. Every great movement needs a voice—clear, articulate, forceful, honest. This cause has a voice, in *The Philippine Republic,* a monthly magazine, published in the city of Washington and edited by ex-Congressman Clyde H. Tavenner. It is a live journal, abundantly illustrated, devoted to pushing the claim of the Filipinos to independence. Were it published to support the other side of the question, it would have an easy time. Advertisements, subsidies, gifts, would be easily secured. Championing the cause of a people whose interests and hopes conflict with the schemes and plans of big business, this magazine has to depend almost entirely upon subscriptions and sales. At $1.50 per year, it is extremely cheap. We commend it heartily to our readers and urge them to buy it, to read it, and to make it more widely known. Its contents, in importance and interest, are worth much more than the price.

F. S.

Just Being Human

[A CONVICT'S PERFECT TRIBUTE TO THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE.]

The report, happily false, of the death on May 12th of Thomas Mott Osborne brought vividly to our mind a tribute once paid by a confirmed convict to this great-souled man. On the theory that a tribute to the living is of far more value than flowers to the dead we are printing the following editorial written at that time. It was intended as a memorial to the dead: we offer it now as our salutation to the living Osborne and our prayer that he may continue for many years to bless humanity with his quickening presence. The story of the convict's tribute and of the circumstances leading up to it is as follows:

In the early days when Osborne was first beginning his daring experiments and yet already getting his astonishing results a certain New York editor resolved to make a visitation to Sing Sing to see with his own eyes the strange performances that were going forward there. His attitude was frankly sceptical, not to say supercilious. He went to scoff: he came back a confirmed convert and ardent advocate of the Osborne methods. He returned saying in effect (the words are ours but the experience was his): "I went to Sing Sing just to observe what was really happening within those forbidding walls. Being an editor myself I knew very well one could never tell anything from the newspaper scareheads, nor from their carefully censored reports of that amazing adventure in prison reform! And once there I soon found, I confess it was much to my surprise, many things which caused me to pause in wonder and admiration. The old prison atmosphere was gone, for one thing. Whereas a few years ago on a former visit I had seen convicts moving about sullenly and silently, some with utterly hopeless expressions on their faces, others already evidently meditating vengeance in their hearts, I now beheld *human beings,* cheerful, outspoken, singing at their tasks, the light of a great hope on their faces and in their hearts a great love of this man who was revealing to them the way of freedom, joy and life. I interviewed man after man among the prisoners hoping to discover the secret of the wizard who had wrought this incredible change. Only to be met with a shrug of the shoulders, as much as to say, 'We don't know of any secret. The thing has just been done, that's all.' But finally I stepped up to one of the inmates, perhaps the most case-hardened of them all but in whose face I thought I could see the light of a secret understanding, and I said to him: 'Tell me, my man, what in the world has Osborne done to you fellows anyway, this magician who has turned darkness into light before you? Is he a magician, a god, or what?' And after a moment's hesitation this hardened old reprobate, the tears rolling down his cheeks, replied: 'Why, Osborne, 'e ain't got no secret. 'E ain't no wizard, no god, nothing of the kind. 'E's just human, that's all!'

We may well take this as a perfect tribute to this great man. He is just human, that is all. In the light of this tribute we are almost tempted to urge all our readers who are eagerly seeking to find the secret of just and righteous living to put aside all their philosophy-books, give up all their fine-sounding theories and schemes for the saving of this troubled generation from utter destruction and to give heed to this illiterate old criminal's words of wisdom; for, all unknowingly, he did pack a complete philosophy of life into this tribute he once paid to his saviour, Thomas Mott Osborne.

After all is said and written and done, that is what we all are—just human beings together; living out our fitful days on earth together; perplexed, all of us, by the same human problems; divided against himself, every one of us, his lower against his higher self, by the same human passions,—lusts, greeds, envyings, animosities and all the rest of these divisive, anti-social hatreds; and yet inevitably members one of another, all of us human beings together! Yes, and uplifted all of us together, in what we rightly call "our better moments," by the same human hopes, human aspirations, human dreams. All of us together and underneath the skin all of us very much alike. If at times we find it difficult to live together like human beings, some of us rubbing the rest of us the wrong way; some of us envying the rest of us; some of us critical of the rest of us; some of us robbing and murdering the rest of us, the "criminal" by night in dark alleys, the "captain of industry" openly and by day in the industrial machinery of the world and its ceaseless grind; the solution of this "social problem," as it is called, is not far to seek. It is contained in these words in which that old man explained the best he knew how, the secret of Osborne's hold upon the convict-soul.

Now this simple formula, this unassuming philosophy of life, if only men generally would apply it, would go a long way toward solving not only the problems of prison reform but all our problems of social reconstruction. Many of our readers at first reading will dismiss this rather startling statement as altogether *too* simple a solution for the stupendous problems of this much-troubled generation. They will go back to their philosophy-books or turn again to their several economic "schemes" for the salvaging of this present wreck of a world. "This so-called Good Will" they will say "is all well enough as a theory. But surely a

world-reformer must have something else, something more tangible than mere Good Will. He must have at least *some* learning, *some* knowledge of his field of reform, *some* plan to go by!" Yes, that is probably true enough; though we cannot forbear to remind the reader that Osborne the greatest prison reformer of our times has very few such like academic qualifications. But in any event we can at least say in the light of his continued success that the first thing, before all knowledge, and before every economic "scheme," is his quality of mercy, his secret understanding of the human heart, his continuing and deepening insight into the human soul; in short, his just being human. Thomas Mott Osborne is one of the few men,—alas, that their kind should increase so slowly!—who is serving to renew in us of this sceptical generation our confidence in plain human nature, and to deepen in us of this cynical generation our belief in the final trustworthiness, the lasting nobility of the human soul.

FRANK C. DOAN.

Jottings

The Bombay *Chronicle* (India) is quoting elaborately these days from UNITY in connection with our publication of the Gandhi "Autobiography." It recognizes the growing interest in Gandhi in this country, and acclaims our service in placing the "Autobiography" at the disposal of the American public.

War office statistics show that, in England alone, between May, 1923 and January, 1926, over 2,000 animals were used for experiments in gas poisoning. The victims were not killed at once, for death had to be slow, in some cases extending over a month, so that science might help mankind with accurate knowledge of how to kill. A brave, noble, heroic thing—this war business!

Dean Inge declares that the chief faults of English life are "political and clerical clap-trap, contented ignorance, and intellectual insincerity." We take the Dean's word for it, but why speak of these qualities as "faults of *English* life?" They impress us as belonging pretty much to life in general these days.

Poland adds a new dictatorship to the already existing dictatorships in Hungary, Greece, Italy, Spain, et al. The war "to make the world safe for democracy" was as triumphant a success as the war "to end war."

A good sample of the "fool" bills introduced into Congress is H. R. 57, entitled "A Bill to make the Star-Spangled Banner the national anthem . . . and to punish any disrespect to said national anthem or to the national flag of the United States of America." This Bill provides among other things that "any citizen who knowingly and willfully deposits . . . for conveyance in the mail . . . any letter, paper, writing . . . containing any criticism (of) said national anthem or said national flag . . . shall be imprisoned for not less than five years and fined not less than $10,000." Perfectly good money and time, ink and paper, are spent in printing such stuff as this! We hope the Bill was referred to the Gilbert and Sullivan committee for appropriate consideration and action.

"The Mauve Decade," just published, is a delightful satire of the 'nineties of the last century. The year 1955 or thereabouts will undoubtedly witness the publication of "The Blue Decade," a similarly delightful satire of the 'twenties of this century.

J. H. H.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

I.

Bernard Shaw is possessed with such a fund of advice that he occasionally hands out a bit to his American cousins. This is the time of the year when the public turns to the schools and colleges, with their "commencements," exhibitions and concerts. *The New Student*, a college magazine, asked Mr. Shaw for "a word," and here is what he sent them:

As far as I can gather, if the students in the American universities do not organize their own education, they will not get any. The professors are overworked schoolmasters, underpaid and deprived of all liberty of speech and conscience. From them nothing can be expected. The governing bodies are under the thumb of the plutocrats who pay the piper and call the tune. . . . Englishmen who become professors in American universities rush back to England to enjoy the comparative freedom and enlightenment of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, though these might have been thought unapproachable in their efficiency as extirpators of the human mind. . . . Secondary education as imposed by the dons will wreck civilization: in fact it has already almost done so. . . . The remedy is cooperative organization by the consumers: that is, by the students. If the American baker could give his customers what he liked instead of what they liked, American bread would be as bad as American university education. . . . In forming intellectual Soviets, and establishing the dictatorship of the Learner, the American students may save their country, if it is capable of being saved. If not, they will at least learn something, and perhaps teach something, in the ecstacy of demolition.

Comment on Shaw is always superfluous.

And now along comes Mary E. Woolley to Seattle, for 25 years president of Holyoke College (one of the

best), and speaks these words. They are about the "college girl." Dr. Woolley says that she

. . . is overworked, but not from studies. It is the two-weeks vacation, the "rests" at home that fill the college infirmary afterwards. The college girl's conversation is illuminatingly broad in scope but too often critical in spirit: her attitude being too narrowly up-to-date. She seeks thrills rather than inspiration in her diversions, a tendency manifested in the light literature she reads and the movies she sees. . . . Young people, however, have a strain of conservatism of which they are in general sublimely unconscious.

Holyoke College has recently put a ban on smoking. Dr. Woolley commented:

It is more a disinclination to do what they are told to do than a desire to smoke. . . . Increased emphasis on sports and physical education has made a vast improvement in the health of the girls of today over her corseted predecessors.

II.

Here comes Louis H. Barnett, who has made a nation-wide survey, and declares that the modern girl —the "flapper"—is responsible for the nation's era of prosperity. "My hat is off to her," he declares. And here is the way he argues:

She does this in two ways, first she creates the demand, and then she provides the supply. . . . The woman of today demands luxury. She wants everything of the best all the time, to be clad in silk seven days of the week, silk dresses at her household work, and in addition furs, jewelry, automobiles. . . . Where does it all come from? If she marries the right man, he puts his nose down to the grindstone and earns what she wants. . . . If she doesn't she goes out and makes the money herself for what she wants. It's all one—both ways we have our men and women working at top speed, and the dealer finding a market for his wares. . . . It all works like an endless chain—the 'flapper' has raised the standard of living—and in the doing she has raised wages and profits so as to make the new standard possible.

This is one way of accounting for the prosperity on which the country is now riding. One is a little shy in mentioning it, in view of the fact that today England is emerging from a general strike which harbored endless possibilities of suffering and poverty, but it is true that last year the American people bought $2,500,000,000 worth of automobiles on the installment plan (reference is now made in the papers to the "20 per cent who do not possess automobiles"), also bought $2,500,000,000 worth of musical instruments, washing machines, furniture, clothes, books, and the like, on the installment plan.

Along with this prosperity—as conspicuous as a ship with booming sails—have come several other things. I recently listened to an address by Mr. Frula, head of our Roosevelt High schools, in which he stated that the increase in the number of pupils in the high schools of America during the last five years was nothing short of amazing, until there were now nearly three and a half million pupils in the high schools. He remarked that he thought Prohibition had something to do with the remarkable increase. It is generally admitted, I think, that the increased ability of the people to spend is due in part to diversion of wages from drinking places. Dr. Woods Hutchinson recently mentioned an item of American life that calls for explanation:

One statement can now be made yith absolute sureness, and that is that all over the country there has occurred a most unmistakable and striking decline in the general death rate from all causes, until it has now reached its most triumphant low-water mark in all recorded history.

He is not inclined to be dogmatic in the matter, but intimates that Prohibition had something to do with it. It is the accumulation of a deposit of facts like the nation's prosperity, the increase in the attendance in the high schools and colleges, and the record-making decline in the death rate that persuades the average citizen that Prohibition has come to stay.

III.

Here is a little feature of American school life that interested me. A lad of 12 came to my door and asked if I had any old papers and magazines. He is a neighbor of mine. He went away loaded down with papers. Next day, in passing the ward school, I saw great bundles of magazines and papers stored in a play-room. That is where my papers had gone. The principal of the school—the John Hay—told me that the children had brought in ten tons of paper this time. It is done once a year or so. One year over 18 tons were brought in. It has been done for ten years. The practice, I found, is common throughout the land. This principal told me that this year they would get from $7 to $10 a ton for the paper. One year they got $40 a ton and realized nearly $400. The money is spent for beautifying the rooms of the school house or in purchasing balls and bats. Much of the newspaper finds its way to the Orient (China), there to be used for wrapping.

Laurence Todd, one of the most intelligent correspondents in Washington, D. C., refers to some of the prominent figures in recent graft and fraud scandals who are quietly joining the Republican party and whose presence the party leaders are not anxious to recognize, by telling a story that is going the rounds of the capital:

A Negro preacher in Alabama had at one time served a short sentence in jail and was fearful lest his congregation discover the fact, as in his later years he had been a model of rectitude. . . . One Sunday morning, rising to begin his sermon, his heart sank to see a former cellmate sitting in the front row. . . . Quick thinking was necessary. Fixing his eye on the unwelcome guest, the preacher announced solemnly: "Ah takes mah text dis mo'nin from de sixty-fo'th chaptah and fo' hundredth verse of de book of Job, which says: 'Dem as sees and knows me, and says nothin', dem will Ah see later.'"

The prominent grafters had been generous contributors to the campaign fund.

IV.

Luther Burbank, the plant "wizard" of California, who recently died, was quite typically American. He was not a laboratory scientist, but seemed rather to have a genius for the selection and crossing of plants. A man of remarkable and attractive personality, he was willing to be drawn aside from his regular vocation and give his views on religion, even going to the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco to deliver a formal address on religion. He was something like Ford, in another realm. Unlike Ford, he never amassed a fortune, although having the ability to do so. He died comparatively poor, being an illustration that people of first-rate ability will work at top speed without hope of financial profit. And yet how much he added to the wealth of the world! Taking only one of the hundreds of improved plant products which he developed—the potato—it is calculated that he added $20,000,000 annually to the value of the crop in the United States alone.

SYDNEY STRONG.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

CHAPTER VIII

STEALING AND ATONEMENT

I have still to relate some of the failings of the days of, and previous to, the meat-eating period. They date from before my marriage or soon after.

A relative of mine and I became fond of smoking. We had no money. Not that we saw any good in smoking, nor were enamored of the smell of a cigarette. We simply imagined a sort of pleasure in emitting clouds of smoke from the mouth. My uncle had the habit, and when we saw him smoking we also thought we should copy his example. And yet we had no money. So we began pilfering stumps of cigarettes thrown away by the uncle!

But the stumps were not always available, and could not give much smoke, either. So we began to steal coppers from the servant's pocket money and to purchase country cigarettes therewith. But the question was, where to keep them. We, of course, could not smoke in the presence of elders. We scratched along for a few weeks on these stolen coppers. In the meantime we heard that stalks of a certain plant were porous and could be smoked like cigarettes. We got them and began this smoking.

But we were far from satisfied with these. Our want of independence began to smart. It was unbearable that we could do nothing without the elders' permission. In sheer disgust we decided to commit suicide!

But how were we to do it? Where were we to get the poison from? We heard that Dhatura seeds were an effective poison. Off we went to the jungle in search for them, and got them. Evening was thought to be the auspicious hour. We went to Kedarji Mandir, put ghee in the temple lamp, had the Dharshan, and then looked for a lonely corner. But our courage failed us. Supposing we were not instantly killed? And what was the good of killing ourselves? Why not rather put up with the lack of independence? But we swallowed two or three seeds, nevertheless. We dared not take more. Both of us fought shy of death, and decided to go to Ramji Mandir to compose ourselves and to dismiss the thought of suicide.

I realized that it was not as easy to commit suicide as to contemplate it. I may say that whenever someone threatens to commit suicide, it has little or no effect on me.

The thought of suicide ultimately resulted in both of us bidding goodbye to the habit of smoking stumps of cigarettes and of stealing the servant's coppers.

Ever since I have grown up I have never desired to smoke and have always regarded the habit of smoking as barbarous, dirty and harmful. I have never succeeded in finding out why there is such a rage for smoking throughout the world. I cannot bear to travel in a compartment full of people smoking. I get choked.

But much more serious than this theft was the one I was guilty of a little later. This one I committed when I was twelve or thirteen, possibly less. The other was committed when I was as much as fifteen. The theft in this case was of a bit of gold out of my meat-eating brother's armlet. This brother had run into a debt of about 25 rupees. He had on his arm an armlet of solid gold. It was not difficult to clip a bit out of it.

Well, it was done, and the debt cleared. But this was more than I could bear. I resolved never to steal again. I also made up my mind to own up before my father. But I dared not speak. Not that I was afraid of my father beating me. No. I do not recall his ever having beaten us. I was afraid of the pain that I would cause him. But I felt that the risk should be taken, that there could not be a cleansing without a clean confession.

I decided at last to write out the confession and to submit it to father, and ask his forgiveness. I wrote it out on a slip of paper and handed it to him myself. Not only had I confessed the guilt therein; I had asked adequate punishment for it, and closed with a request to him not to punish himself for my offense, and also pledged myself never to steal in future.

I was trembling as I handed the note to father. He was then suffering from fistula and was confined to bed. His bed was a plane wooden plank. I handed him the note and sat opposite the plank.

He went through the note, and pearl drops trickled down from his eyes, wetting the paper. For a moment he closed his eyes in thought, and then tore up the note. He had sat up to read it. He again lay down. I also cried. I could see father's agony. If I were a painter I could draw a picture of the whole scene today. It is still so vivid in my memory.

Those pearl-drops of love cleansed my heart, and washed my sin away. Only he who has experienced such love can say what it is. As the hymn says:

> "Only he who is smitten with the arrows of love knows its power."

This was, for me, an object lesson in Ahimsa. Then I could read in it nothing more than a father's love, but today I know that it was pure Ahimsa. When such Ahimsa becomes universal, it transforms everything it touches. There is no limit to its power.

This sort of sublime forgiveness was not natural to my father. I had thought that he would be angry, say hard things, and strike his forehead. But he was so wonderfully peaceful, and I believe this was due to my clean confession. A clean confession, combined with a promise never to commit the guilt again, and made before one who has the right to receive it, is the purest type of repentance. I know that my confession made my father feel absolutely safe about me, and increased his affection for me beyond measure.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.)

The Understanding of Gandhi

Gandhi, while identifying himself with the political aspirations of his people, refused to follow any current mode of endeavour to realise those aspirations, but created his own moral and spiritual method. He did not for a moment accept the way of the revolutionary who held that the path to freedom lay through violence and blood. Secret assassinations and brutal murder, daylight atrocities and violent plunder—all these were legitimate and valid in the poignant gospel which the revolutionary preached.

Mahatma Gandhi, while saluting the courage and spirit of sacrifice of the revolutionary patriot, confessed and unhesitatingly proclaimed that he loathed as unclean and impure his gospel of secrecy and murder. And no wonder, for with him as he has himself said, *ahimsa* is the first and the last article of "faith." He also held that the revolutionary gospel ran hopelessly counter to the genius and instincts of his people. As a practical man he also saw, that under the prevalent circumstances in India, a violent revolution was perhaps the longest road to emancipation. On the one hand was the Government which with an annual military budget of several crores kept in constant readiness a most efficient and magnificently equipped army, and on the other hand was the people, cleanly, deliberately and systematically disarmed. He therefore had no hesitation at all in rejecting the gospel of violent revolution.

There was another gospel, which was as full of milk and water, as the revolutionary gospel was full of blood and violence—the constitutional gospel. It was hopelessly inadequate either to face straight and true the vast tragedy of national humiliation, or solve the problem of national helplessness. The advocates of this gospel pinned their faith in ceaseless petitioning and in constantly playing the "good boy" with an occasional if impotent show of temper. As Lala Lajpat Rai wrote the other day, this method had never a chance. When the Punjab tragedy with its bitter shame coupled with the Khilafat wrong opened the eyes of Gandhi, he immediately knew that the gospel of the pious constitutionalist was utterly inadequate and futile. He rejected it too, though in so doing he lost the sympathy and co-operation of many of India's most illustrious statesmen. He parted company with them at the Special Congress of Calcutta with regret and yet firmness. He had seen a vision and had shaped a programme in the light of that vision and not for all the world would he prove untrue to it. What was this vision? And what the programme?

If only we can understand both these, we can also easily understand the claim that Mahatma Gandhi himself has made that he is a practical idealist. For the vision was the same great vision that Buddha saw in the dim twilight of history, a vision of unutterable compassion and love, and the programme was such that if fulfiled aright it would bring with it the light and beauty of that love and compassion. Mahatma Gandhi had seen, as no one else did, the "lamp of life" slowly burning itself out in the millions of little cottages of India. He saw the slowly dying flicker and knew why the lamp was going out. He knew that under cover of a deceitful glitter, subtle and relentless hands were year after year snatching away food from the mouths of the poor millions. He saw with a beating heart that the foreigner "did the job" and carried on his exploitation in a thousand ways directly under the eye of the government; nay that the government itself was mainly perpetuated just to help this bleeding process. He knew, too, enough of the history of economic relations between England and India to be convinced that even more urgent and fundamental than political salvation was economic salvation, though of course none saw better than he that both these were intimately mixed up. And it was just because economics and politics were thus inseparably mixed up that he found out that he could not afford to avoid politics if he wanted to achieve economic salvation. None was less in love with politics than he and yet he dared not shun it. But economic salvation could never mean for this lover of Ruskin and Tolstoy the substitution of brown for white exploiters. The capitalists of Bombay or Ahmedabad were in his eyes as much exploiters of his people as those of Manchester or Liverpool. Economic salvation for India therefore meant for Mahatma Gandhi emancipation of the masses from exploitation both from outside and inside. And then the problem of an adequate solution pressed upon him. But he knew enough of the life of the villager to realise that what was needed more than anything else was the revival of cottage industries, and perhaps in Kaira and Champaran where he had been in most intimate touch with the masses, he found out that the most important of the cottage industries was "spinning." He found out that till just a few decades ago the spinning wheel was in every home enabling the worker, especially during the seasons when there was no work of cultivation, to earn a few more rupees as addition to his scanty income.

Also, when the spinning wheel thus hummed in every village home, the weaver's shuttle too was kept constantly busy. Besides spinning and weaving, there were of course many more cottage industries flourishing. From among all these, Mahatma Gandhi found out that the spinning wheel alone had almost completely vanished while the rest continued at least to make a pretence of existence. This must have set him thinking. And the more he thought over it the more the truth must have come home to him that the disappearance of the spinning wheel synchronised more or less with the growing poverty in the land. Once this conclusion was reached he easily went forward to discover that the revival of the spinning wheel was the only way out, *under the prevailing circumstances.* It might also be added that in the revival of the spinning wheel Mahatma Gandhi saw not merely a way out of White and Brown exploitation as far as clothing was concerned but he also had the faith that this revival would influence the revival of other sister industries, for he hoped that the adoption of pure "home spun" would materially revolutionise the national taste.

There was according to Mahatma Gandhi's diagnosis of the Indian problem another factor mainly responsible for India's slavery. This factor was social chaos. The excesses of caste and a system of education which he characterised as unmitigated evil were according to him the two most glaring causes for this chaos. The first led to the shameful tragedy of "untouchabilism" and the latter to utter national emasculation and demoralisation. He was convinced, that

unless the national programme not merely took into consideration these factors in the situation but also without any delay set about to define remedies, there could be no salvation for the country. He did not ignore also another vital factor in the social condition, —the growing vice of drink.

The Amritsar tragedy and the fearful humiliations that followed only helped to convince all the more this before the country a programme which, while offering battle to injustice and arrogance, would so conduct the apostle of Ahimsa that it was his urgent duty to place battle that the nation would evolve more and more strength from within, at every forward step it took. Of course with him it was an essential condition that the battle must be a non-violent one neither inspired by hatred nor thirst for mere revenge.

And this was exactly what he did. At the special congress at Calcutta he placed before the country his programme.

It was the Non-co-operation programme. In this programme was enshrined the Gandhian gospel of national self-redemption;—nay it had in it, though not in the particular forms advocated, but in the deeper implications involved, the gospel of real world redemption. This is perhaps a bold claim to make but it has to be made even though it has not been possible, sufficiently long, to work the programme even in India. But to the extent it was worked, the nation unquestionably moved towards self-redemption.

It was a programme that aimed at evolving strength from within in every sphere of national life, economic, cultural and social. The spinning wheel was to be put in its old place of sanctity in every home; the vernaculars were to be enriched and developed; Hindi was to be dignified as the common language for inter-provincial intercourse; national schools and colleges were to be reared side by side with the revival of village panchayats; communal amity was to be zealously fostered; "untouchability" and the drink evil to be done away with; and, after vigorously prosecuting this constructive programme, if necessary start mass civil disobedience involving non-payment of taxes. To this positive programme was added a negative one, the boycott of foreign cloth, of Law courts established by the Government, Government Universities and the newly established Legislative Councils. To this was of course also added as the most important item, the boycott of "drink." This negative programme was to be carried on if necessary by peaceful picketing of shops where foreign clothes or liquor were sold. It is not necessary to go into greater details. But it is necessary to add that the greatest stress was laid on the revival of the spinning wheel and the abolition of "untouchability." All these are well-known facts, but what is not realised often is the wonderful dynamics and consistency of the programme. On the face of it, it looks like a non-political programme, but no programme if effectively carried out could be more politically potent. It essentially meant a vast national strike wisely supplemented by a course of nation-building constructive work. And the political movement was so powerful after "Punjab" that the national mind was captured and turned at least for a time into a power-house, feeding a vast process of national activities of first rate importance.

It certainly has to be admitted that the Non-co-operation programme demanded sacrifice and courage at every step. It was an exacting creed. For political workers to keep away from the enthusiasms of exciting election campaigns, for lawyers to cease practising, for students to leave their colleges, for a whole nation to be contented with only coarse homespun—all these were not easy. Add to this the abolition of drink and "untouchability," and we at once see that unless the nation was prepared to dare and suffer, the Gandhian gospel of national redemption would be futile. But the nation was so prepared and in the Calcutta Congress it was the people who rose to accept amidst deafening acclamations the Non-co-operation programme, even though many illustrious leaders held aloof from it. More, the programme had behind it a spiritual Titan with a mighty will and a wise purpose. And for the two years that followed, the people strove and suffered as they never had done before. Mahatma Gandhi's leadership was without a question the greatest asset to the movement and in fact he led the country to within an inch of success. Then came Chauri-chaura, and Mahatma Gandhi found that a halt was necessary if the whole programme was to be saved from the tragedy of growing national violence and, with a spiritual strength unequalled in history, he did cry halt. He quickly and with an unerring grasp of the situation resolved that civil disobedience was impossible in an atmosphere of violence, and so he demanded that the nation must discipline itself more, before the last step was taken. A little after he made this resolution the door of the prison cell closed behind him. What followed after is now a matter of history. And today this programme has been set aside by those who are men of little vision. But even they confess that they have set it aside only because the people are not ready for it and not because the programme itself is wrong. But it has to be confessed that there is a good deal of self-deception involved in this plea. A proper and dispassionate study of the situation, from the time of Mahatma Gandhi's imprisonment to the time of the triumph of the *Swaraj* party, would reveal the fact that those who then took or aimed at taking the leadership of the country were more to blame than the people.

The educated classes could not sustain their original enthusiasm nor fully realise that Rome was not built in a day. The masses were perhaps more true and firm and at the Congresses held when the leader was in prison the people tried again and again to stand firm. Even though it has been set aside today, there is no question that the country must come back to it one day or other, for there is no other way. Of course the programme need not be revived in every detail, but in its essential implications it is the only programme.

Current Thought. —*G. Ramachandran.*

Ultra Meritum

How hast Thou compassed me with mercies manifold,
Thou Perfect Spirit of the Endless Day!
Even Thy rod has blest, its chastenings
Have loosed the bonds of this abode of clay.
And now before Thy latest, greatest gift
I stand transfixed, still too unworthy far
To know the blessing of such comradeship:
I sought a friend; Thou gavest me a star!

DOMBEY SHEPHERD.

For UNITY.

Akhnaton: "The First Individual in History"

[B. C. 1375 to 1358.]

For (he) evolved—not as a result of any education with which he can possibly be credited, but through inner vision and inspiration—the first concept of the unity of the Godhead which can be traced in human annals. It was manifestly an achievement of transcending human value, and its spiritual significance can hardly be exaggerated. . . A brave soul, undauntedly facing the momentum of immemorial tradition, he succeeded in establishing his new religion . . . consisting of an "exalted monotheism" with a "superb theology," whose purity and transcendental character are amply attested by the available evidence.

Thus writes an oriental historian[1] of one of the most striking and stimulating personalities of all time.

Lao-tzu, or Buddha? Moses, or Jesus? Abdul-Baha, or Gandhi? No one of them; but antedating them all, was this outstanding, spiritual figure, just now emerging from the long neglected past. Akhnaton of Egypt, called by one of his biographers "the first individual in history," whose brief reign covered the years from B. C. 1375 to 1358, but whose unique achievement was to be recognized in the fulness of its promise three and thirty centuries later!

Akhnaton's period preceded by a few years that of King Tutankhamon, whose tomb came to light recently in a somewhat spectacular manner, setting scholars delving with renewed energy into Egypt's remarkable past. He came to the throne as the successor of Amenophis III, "the Magnificent." He was born late in the lifetime of his mother, Queen Tiy, and consecrated by her to a new-named (though ancient) deity, Ra-Horakhti, the sun-god, later to be known as Aton, around whom was to be shaped a new spiritual dispensation. This, it must be remembered, was a time of the crudest superstition, when the grossest forms of polytheism prevailed. It was, moreover, a period of turbulence when the furious Bael, the bloodthirsty Tishub and the terrible Ishtar were the deities beloved of men. The priests of Amon (tribal deity of Thebes) were arrogant and corrupt, and the religion they upheld offered little either to the spirit or the intellect. Even before the boy Pharaoh began to reign, the Queen mother had done much to popularize the worship of the new god, and by the sixth year of his reign, Akhnaton had pushed the new religion prominently to the front. The change of the king's name, about this time, to Akhnaton—meaning "Aton is satisfied"—greatly enhanced the prestige of the Aton worship, the development of which now began to take more and more of the attention of the youthful prophet.

And what manner of god was this Aton? First, he was conceived of as without rivals—that is, the one deity of all the world—in itself, in such an era, an amazing circumstance. It would seem to mark the first declaration to mankind of ethical monotheism. "Thou art alone," writes Akhnaton of the new deity, "but infinite vitalities are in thee by means of which to give life to thy creatures." This recalls the *elan vitale* of Henri Bergson of our own time. The comparison is the more marked when consideration is given to a later name which the king felt to be more representative of the deity, gradually evolving, under his hands, to grander and finer proportions. This name, which is to be interpreted "The Effulgence—which-comes-from-Aton," found its pictorial counterpart in the symbol of the shining disk, the outward and downward rays of which ended in protecting and sustaining hands. No graven image was ever permitted to be made of the Aton, though previous gods had always so been represented; and, lest there be confusion between the symbol and the thing symbolized, worship of him was restricted to dawn and to sunset, when the power of the sun was least in evidence, and the mystery of its coming and going, most apparent.

Quite as important as the monotheistic ideology, which this youth of twenty-two years conceived, was the non-resistance that he preached and practiced, and which the Aton was understood to demand. In this field Akhnaton anticipated Lao-tzu by nearly a thousand years, and Jesus by much more than a thousand years. A god symbolized by the beneficent sun could not be a destructive deity! The Aton was a god to whom the shedding of human blood was abhorrent, and war impossible. No thought of vengeance, no act of violence, was ever associated with his name. He was compassionate, tender, and filled to overflowing with love and goodwill. Above all the new god was pledged to truth, and demanded that all obey the dictates thereof. In brief, Akhnaton's god was an ancient revelation *of the God whom we worship today,* proclaimed not as anthropomorphic, but as a living intangible essence.

> Though thou art afar, thy rays are on the earth;
> Though thou art on high, thy footprints are the day,

sings Akhnaton, who says further on in the same beautiful hymn:

> Thou art in my heart;
> There is no other that knoweth thee,
> Save thy son Akhnaton.
> Thou hast made him wise in thy designs
> And in thy might.

As time went on and the king revolutionized the beliefs of the Egyptians regarding the nature of God, so, too, did he alter their understanding of the existence of the soul after death. Always the Aton was "the witness of that which pertains to eternity," and the "remembrancer of eternity." Surely, in thus describing the new deity, Akhnaton must be said to have reached a philosophical position which even today is quite unassailable. "No such grand theology," says one historian,[2] "had ever appeared in the world as far as we know; and it is the forerunner of all the later monotheistic religions."

It is sad to record the last days of this gentle teacher and lover of mankind. Like other great souls he sacrificed all to his principles. He refused to fight, to make war against his enemies, even to resist invasion of his dominions. In the thirtieth year of his reign Akhnaton saw his empire falling to pieces, and saw also the signs of the coming dissolution of the Aton worship that had been the focussing point of his religious idealism, his humanitarianism and his internationalism. Syria and Nubia—which he had hoped to attach to his beloved Egypt by the worship of one God, and in the love of that God, were all but lost. More than that, the priesthood of Amon was scheming and plotting, and taking on renewed strength and arrogance. Hardest of all to bear, the mass of the people were reaching out for their old, familiar,

1—*THE NEW ORIENT* (New York), a quarterly.
2—Petrie, in "The Religion of Ancient Egypt."
3—Breasted's "Religion and Thought of Ancient Egypt."
4—Akhnaton was then, and is today by some, set down merely as an epileptic, or as one "weakened" by that affliction. B. W.
5—Weigall's "Life and Times of Akhnaton."

homely, friendly gods. The Aton was too far above them, too remote, too abstract,—too little concerned apparently with the every day affairs of the realm, particularly wars and rumours of wars. The king's health was failing; his "hallucinations"[3] were less pleasing to his people, his personality less vital and commanding. All seemed lost,—was lost; and God released the soul of the noblest witness to His name that, up to that time, had manifested in the flesh. The great Akhnaton—"Akhnaton, the God-intoxicated,"[4] he has been called—passed on; and with him slipped away his unique and reverential idea of the Almighty, superb in conception and noble in expression, to appear again after his name had been forgotten, to challenge comparison with the most exalted thought of the time. Thus came and went the first human being to understand rightly the meaning of divinity!

"He was the first man," says Arthur Weigall, "to preach simplicity, honesty and humanitarianism; and he preached it from a throne. In a world where the war-god reigned supreme, he put forward the first known doctrine of peace. He gave, three thousand years ago, an example—that might well be followed today—of what a husband and father should be, of what an honest man should do, of what a poet should feel, of what a preacher should teach, of what an artist should strive for, of what a scientist should believe, of what a philosopher should think."[5]

Meantime the centuries came and went. Another teacher arose and preached the peace which Akhnaton had visualized, and Egypt listened; then came Mahomet, and Egypt welcomed again the gospel of the one, immanent God and the message of the brotherhood of man; now, in our time, comes Mahatma Gandhi of India, teaching that which to the God-possessed Egyptian, was the height of wisdom and the sum of religion,—namely, the doctrine that love is the way out, that non-violence is finally to redeem and unite the world;—and Egypt gives ear to another prophet and spiritual leader, one who has moved to the depths, the souls of oriental peoples, and "whose vibrations have been felt the world over," to borrow the words of his biographer Romain Rolland.

Akhnaton, Lao-tzu, Buddha, Moses, Jesus, Mahomet, Swedenborg, Abdul-Baha, Gandhi—well may this great Frenchman say that the supreme religious apparitions of the Orient are "ruled by a rhythm;" and prophesy that either the spirit of love shall manifest in our time, or take form, by God's will, again and again, in coming centuries as in past centuries, "till there finally is manifested, in a mortal half-god, the perfect incarnation of the principle of life which will lead humanity on a new path."

And when that time comes, the promise of Akhnaton will have been fulfilled, and the significance of his name—"Aton-Is-Satisfied"—at last, understood.

BLANCHE WATSON.

The Study Table

REVIEWS BY JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Religion Is One

On the opening pages of this book* appears a chart, entitled "A Synthesis of Religions." This chart lists and classifies the seven great religions of the world —Hinduism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Confucianism, Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism—and in parallel columns, presents their founders, bibles, deities, beliefs in the hereafter, methods of salvation, numbers of adherents, etc.

The book itself is an interpretation of this chart in the spirit neither of forbearance nor yet of tolerance, but of warmly sympathetic appreciation.

Besides the intellectual purpose of acquainting us with the results of research in the field of comparative religion, (says Mr. Martin, p. 3), these chapters have an ethical purpose for their main justification, namely, to make us more catholic in our sympathies, more just and generous in our attitude to foreign faiths . . . more responsive to sources of inspiration that we are prone to neglect, more quick and keen to recognize Oriental graces of character in which our Occidental civilization is deficient. Above all, is it the ethical purpose of our inquiry to make us more proficient in the practice of appreciation, that modern virtue to which the race, in its moral evolution, has been slowly climbing.

The author has no belief in any type of special or revealed religion. He has no hope or desire that any ultimate unity of religions will be accomplished by the triumph of one religion over all the others. The one fundamental reality, to his mind, is religion itself as the experience of man in reaction upon the universe; and all varieties of religion have value and beauty as so many different expressions of this experience. He looks forward to a "fellowship of faiths" which shall constitute an organic relationship of all religions. In such a fellowship, he says (p. 73):

The principles of coordination and subordination will be reaffirmed and hold sway as they do in every organism—the parts (i. e., the various world religions) all duly coordinated and subordinated to their higher whole.

This "higher whole," of course, does not now exist save as a splendid vision. But some day it will come, as "the United States shaped itself out of the thirteen colonies by their subordinating themselves as organs to their organism." This is the world religion of the future—"one tree with many branches, one body with many members, one organism with many organs, and one subtle lifeblood, coursing through the whole, making each part kin with every other" (p. 75).

The book contains a noble chapter in tribute to the Bahaists, and presents a sympathetic interpretation of the teachings of Dr. Felix Adler in relation to the Ethical Culture movement. The author is scholarly, open-minded, forward-looking. His work is a most reliable and accurate, if unhappily brief, introduction to the study of comparative religions.

*"Comparative Religion and the Religion of the Future," by Alfred W. Martin. Published by Appleton, New York.

I—L—O—F

This pamphlet* presents a series of private letters on the subject of "the creation of an International League of Friends." Written by two able correspondents, the letters discuss vital phases of religion, and touch again and again the fundamentals of spiritual idealism. References to Gandhi and the Indian situation will be of especial interest to UNITY readers at this time. We commend this pamphlet, and pass on its invitation to write to Edward Houlton James, Concord, Mass., for further information about the I-L-O-F.

*"Some I-L-O-F Letters," published by Advance Distributing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Correspondence

Prohibition and Lawlessness

Editor of UNITY:

In your Jottings of April 19th you pooh pooh the idea of repealing the laws prohibiting the sale of bad milk. Quoting the statistician of the Prudential Insurance Company in reference to the increased number of deaths by violence in this country, you ask: "What shall we do about such a scandalous situation?" And you say, "the answer is easy. Laws prohibiting murder are not being obeyed—repeal them."

You seem to think that the way to cure crime and make people decent is to make laws and if the laws don't help, why, make more laws, and still more laws; and, of course, punishment for the transgression of these laws that do not help must needs be more drastic.

In the next paragraph of your Jottings you say that there is an alarming increase of crime in Great Britain, 1925 showing the largest number since 1858. Is it not a fact that the more the laws the more the crimes? And that the most draconic laws, instead of preventing crime, actually aggravate it? They used to punish theft by death, not so long ago, but that did not stop thievery. Is it not the concensus of opinion among modern criminologists that punishment does not deter crime?

It seems to me—and I am sure you are in full agreement with me on this—that the only way to stop crime is to abolish poverty and ignorance. Our Legislative mills keep on grinding laws by the thousands year in and year out. The greatest jurists cannot possibly remember one hundredth part of the laws contained in the codes of any country.

There are two kinds of laws in my estimation. Laws that people don't mind obeying, and laws that people do not like to obey. Both useless. The laws that we wish to obey we don't need. The laws that go against us we do not obey anyway. They remain dead letters.

Take Prohibition and the Income Tax Acts, for instance I do not think that all the laws in this country have produced so many smugglers, liars and perjurers as these two laws. Thousands of boys and girls in the High Schools carry with them flasks of whiskey now when they never would have thought of tasting liquor before Prohibition. Why, the whole thing is a joke, if it weren't so tragic. Bootlegging is becoming a respectable trade. You can go into any drug store and get all the stuff you want, as long as they know you. The only difference is that you pay five or ten times as much for inferior booze as you used to pay for the genuine article. Of course, thousands of Revenue Officers have accumulated and are accumulating vast fortunes. Prohibition has given rise to bootlegging, a trade engaged in by hundreds of thousands of people in this country. I know one man who sells liquor openly and pays fines regularly, $250 every month or so, but he doesn't mind it. He does a lucrative business at that. I would rather take away the man from alcohol than take away alcohol from the man. You have moonshine in every other house made from corn, sugar, fruit, hops and what not; and smuggling and crime to boot.

I wish to say that I am absolutely against liquor, both as a citizen and as a physician. But you can never abolish drinking by law. If one-tenth of the money wasted now for the enforcement of the Prohibition Act were to be used in a campaign of enlightenment I feel certain you would see results in the course of a few years. How rapidly the Nations were stampeded into the war by the Governments, the press and the pulpit.

Why not have four-minute men, both laymen and physicians, go all over the country and speak of the evils of intoxicants? Have them hold meetings every day in the year, showing specimens of alcoholic brains, hearts, livers, stomachs and kidneys; and have them show cinemas of drunkards reeling on the streets, lying in the gutters, beating up their wives, maltreating their children; of drunkards in delirium tremens, of insane asylums and hospitals crowded with all kinds of dementias, venereal and other diseases, resulting from alcohol. Do you not think a campaign of education like this would be more effective than all your laws, revenue-cutters, fines and jails?

The Income Tax Law has given rise to thousands of Income Tax Experts who are growing fabulously wealthy by teaching the rich how to evade paying income taxes. You know as well as I do that at least 90% of the Income Tax Reports are wantonly falsified, and not by Anarchists either, but by perfectly respectable, law-abiding citizens. What's the remedy? More laws? And those laws more drastic?

I heard Dean Martin say the other day from the Cooper Union platform: "Governments seem to be run by the crookedest men out of jail. Most of the men glorified in history were men guilty of the most heinous crimes: wholesale murder and destruction."

Do the people who run the Government themselves obey the laws they make? An individual may kill another in self-defense, passion or for money, but the Government kills in cold blood and after due deliberation singly for a crime committed or by the tens and hundreds of thousands as in War. Has not Woodrow Wilson himself admitted in one of his last speeches that the Great War was a war for markets? Can there be a greater crime than that of slaughtering, maiming and mutilating millions of people, in order to secure markets for bankers and capitalists?

Give me a thousand John Haynes Holmes's, Debs's, Gandhis and Romain Rollands and I will gladly forego the luxury of all the judges, legislators, jailers, and Government executives, Coolidge included.

Brooklyn, N. Y. MICHAEL A. COHN, M. D.

Protest and Reply

Editor of UNITY:

I don't remember seeing your street and number so I just address you United States of America. I am also taking a long shot on the word "Brother," knowing if I miss you in Christ, I will hit you in Adam, or if not in Adam then in Darrow and his monkey, so after all "man to man the o'er shall brithers be."

I have enjoyed reading UNITY and if the chickens ever start laying again I will send you three dollars worth of Abraham Lincoln Greenbacks, which you can have redeemed in New York eggs which you can evolutionize in that marvelous part of your mechanism called the human stomach, so that in turn through its filament connection with your still more marvelous apparatus called the nervous system, you can invigorate your fertile brain (though not quite so well as if you ate the iodine and phosphorus filled fish from the sea of Galilee, like the apostles did), and thereby be better able to expound and propound the economic Christic Gospel which saves man, body, soul and spirit here and now, much or more than in the sweet bye and bye. Did you ever think of that? Freedom here and now, so that as the tree falls it may thus lie. Did you ever try to preach a gospel of child snobbery to poor Lazarus at the rich man's gate and without putting food into his stomach, clothing on his naked body and healing oil on his sores, tell him that Salvation has nothing to do with economics, that he is saved already and sanctified, naked, hungry and suffering, and have him then look up with languishing eyes and say: "Maybe so, but durned if I can feel it."

You often write some most excellent things. In fact one sometimes wonders "On what meat doth our editor feed that he can think so straight?" Then like the cow that gives a good bucket of milk and then kicks it over, you can make the most consummate ass of yourself, of any really shrewd man I ever read after—and I have read wagon loads of books.

Take for example this: "We had the idea that the corruption rampant in the government would be cleaned up when the impeccable Coolidge took his place."

"The anti-Prohibitionists' arguments like the flight of an eagle or the ways of a woman are past finding out—as well as fast fizzling out."

"'Honor' is a great and noble word. Yet to what petty and ignoble uses it has been prostituted!"

Three fine paragraphs that would do honor to any knight of the quill. Then your bovine qualities up and show themselves in a paragraph that lands you right in the middle of that bunch of persiflage peddlers with headquarters over near you on Vesey Street.

Truly from the sublime to the ridiculous, here it is: "We know that Jesus did not rise from the dead; we know that he was not born of a virgin, exactly as we know that any other character of history was not so born; else are all fables true and all legends credible." In other words,

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

Walt Whitman
Fellowship Celebration
will be held
Monday Evening, May 31st
at the
Auditorium
Ball Room
Dinner at 6 P. M.
Celebration at 8 P. M.
Dinner and Celebration, $2.25
Celebration Separate, 50 Cts.

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE ORIENT

(An Announcement)

It gives us great pleasure to be privileged to give our readers and, through them, to others, first notice of a stupendous literary enterprise which, if successfully carried out, will take us one mighty step nearer to the realization of the ideals for which this paper stands: the unification and fraternization of mankind.

There can be no doubt that the principal task of the balance of the 20th century will be to find the formula for the establishment of permanent Good Will between the Occident and the Orient, between the so-called white and the so-called colored races. The main basis of every lasting peace is a clear, mutual understanding of the problems that face the contending parties.

It is this fact which makes so important the announcement that Dr. Isidor Singer has decided to become the encyclopedic interpreter of the Orient to the Occident by celebrating the 25th anniversary of his monumental Jewish Encyclopedia, on May 21st last, with the launching of a new encyclopedic skyscraper, of equal size and, let us hope, of the same, solid scientific character with his great life work. The project contemplates a publication in 12 royal in quarto volumes of about 600 pages each, with about 2,400 illustrations, embracing the history, geography and ethnography, the religions, literatures and art; in brief, the whole cultural development of Asia and the Northern fringes of Africa from the oldest times to the present date.

We have before us a letter, dated May 8, 1926, written to the projector of the new Encyclopedia by the Gentile head of the Oriental Department of one of our oldest and largest Universities, a scholar of international reputation. We beg to extract from it the following passages:

"You ask whether the time is ripe for an Encyclopedia of the Orient. Perhaps it is. There is now available a large amount of new material; new, that is, to all but a few specialists in the several fields—and "available" for such an enterprise as yours. . . . We have already yours, the Jewish Encyclopedia; further, the Encyclopedia of Islam, the many Bible Dictionaries in various languages, the Catholic Encyclopedia and the Encyclopedia of Christianity (just getting started), to say nothing of others. There is a vast amount of Oriental material hardly touched by any of these. In nearly all the principal fields it is material that has very recently received great additions, which have not yet been sufficiently examined and explained. This is especially true in China, Central Asia, Mesopotamia, Northern India, Asia Minor (including the Hittite languages and civilization), Southern Arabia and even Egypt. Of course, it may be said, with truth, that we shall never have "satisfactory" information, in any of these fields and that quantities of new material will continue to be brought in."

The letter concludes with the following sentence:

"In any case, my dear Dr. Singer, I am sure that the enterprise could not be in better hands than yours."

It is not our intention to touch here upon the vast history of Oriental studies in Europe and America, from the year 1311, when the Church Council of Vienne, in Southern France, established chairs for Hebrew, Arabic, Aramaean at the universities of Paris, Oxford, Bologna and Salamanca, down to the present day. We mention only the foundation of the Société Asiatique in 1822, of the Royal Asiatic Society in 1823, of the Deutsche Morgen laendische Gesellschaft in 1844, and of our own glorious American Oriental Society which preceded its German sister by two years.

The names of Edward Salisbury, Wm. D. Whitney, James Hadley, Theodore D. Woolsey and Daniel Coit belong to the heroic age of Oriental studies in our country. More than fifty of their pupils and pupils of their pupils have since filled the Oriental chairs at our Universities.

On April 10, 1922, Dr. Nathaniel Schmidt, Professor of Semitic Languages at Cornell University, concluded his presidential address with the following melancholy statement:

"If a comparison should be instituted between the work of the great Oriental Societies of Europe and that of the American Oriental Society as an index of the state of Oriental studies, there would, no doubt, be cause for humble reflections, a stressing of our country's youth and a plea for considerate judgment in view of the peculiar conditions of our academic life."

Dr. Isidor Singer, in 1898, i. e., the year when he was installed in the offices of Funk & Wagnalls Co. and charged with the completion of the preliminary labors which culminated, in 1901, in the publication of Volume I. of the Jewish Encyclopedia, raised American Jewry, which then stood on a very low step of the ladder of Jewish Science, to its very top. We believe that "the little encyclopedia wizard," as he was often nicknamed during his Jewish Encyclopedia septennate (1898-1905) will, with his Encyclopedia of the Orient, for which we wish him a hearty God-speed, accomplish a similar achievement by inaugurating a new epoch in the history of the American study of the Orient.

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you ask me and your readers to believe with you that the writers of New Testament were egregious liars, their followers dupes and that the Christian religion is based on a myth, and you presume that we have no erudition enough to discriminate between the "traditions of orthodox sectism and New Testament Christianity. You even do the absurd thing to call modern sectism 'The traditions of orthodox Christianity'."

How are the mighty fallen! The legs of the lame are unequal!

But our good editor is constantly increasing his store of absolute knowledge, and his shrewd discrimination enables him at all times to differentiate the things of actual knowledge and the wild wanderings of guesswork, maybe sos and Doctor Wells' ad infinitum "Perhapses."

So here we have some more of his knowledge: "We know that all forms of life, including man, have evolved from earlier and simpler forms through a period of years numbering tens of millions, or we know nothing at all."

Surely some dilemma! Excuse me but I take the "nothing at all." "Nothing at all" is far more sensible, and you might add "even doubtful, if we know that." The great apostle Paul whom my infidel friends have been wont to call a bald headed, bow legged Jew lawyer affirmed that in many things the shrewdest intellects are in very nature of things compelled to "Walk by faith and not by sight."

Step over across the street to the office of Doctor Wilhelm Meyers and consult him. He says "life is the unsolved riddle of the universe." He says that in its formation this earth planet was a molten mass and so very hot that it would have destroyed every vestige of life if any had existed. Meyers on that point is right.

Some time when you are feeling your very best, please write us another pithy paragraph and tell us how you happen to know so many things that some of us think you do not know, but merely surmise and sorter wish you did know.

After all you are not the worst duck in the puddle. Just keep on keeping on and if you do no other good you will make somebody else think and whatever makes men think, moves them in the upward way.

JAMES W. ZACHARY.

Winifred, Mont.

[We enjoyed this letter immensely, and want our readers to enjoy it. Our correspondent, however, only illustrates anew the old truth that we think a person wise, infallible, only so long as he agrees with us.—EDITOR.]

A Correction

In last week's issue (May 24) books reviewed by Dr. Starr should have been headed "All Sorts of Books," as given in Table of Contents. Instead of which a heading from the previous week's issue was used, "The Negro Helps Himself."

PEACE HEROES' MEMORIAL SOCIETY

A fine American custom of long standing is the decoration of the graves of soldiers who have died for their country. Memorial Day rightly commemorates the heroes of war; but as peace has its victories and victors, why not celebrate these also? Why not honor those who give their lives in the pursuit of hazardous but peaceful ends?

To extend to all who have died for the common good the honors that have hitherto been limited to the heroes of war is the purpose of the Peace Heroes Memorial Society.

Miners, railroaders, builders, electricians, mechanics, firemen, policemen, explorers, physicians, nurses, mothers, and others upon whose risks and sufferings life depends form an army larger than any fighting force of which history has record. It is an army serving without intermission and knowing no armistice, an army that endures both pain and privation. It numbers its losses of life by the tens of thousands every year and its other casualties by the hundreds of thousands. It goes to its hard, perilous battles without decorations and without honors; it does not wait for

"The roll of the stirring drum
And the trumpet that speaks of fame."

Yet it is the army of our real national defense, defense against hunger, cold, sickness, exposure, disorder, exhaustion, extinction; ultimately perhaps, our truest defense against foreign foes. Enabling us to supply all the world with things of necessity, comfort, and beauty, the army of social construction makes the rest of the world unwilling to be our foes.

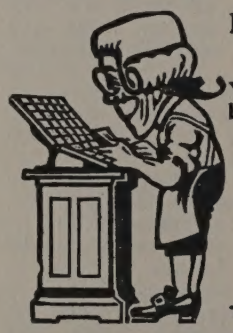
When we reverence these heroes of peace, all differences of race and color and nationality and church affiliation vanish. How can we fittingly express our attitude to the victors who have fallen while performing such socially constructive tasks? One way is to maintain a ceremonial in which our sentiments are symbolized. The Peace Heroes Memorial Society engages to hold exercises at one of the cemeteries each Memorial Day and to place flowers upon the graves of a policeman, a fireman, a railroader, a factory worker, a woman who died at childbirth, and any others who may have lost their lives in the discharge of their duties.

Such exercises, called "Flower Strewing for Heroes of Social Construction," have been held annually at Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, since Memorial Day, 1923. At all of these exercises, at least one of the participants has been a Catholic; one a Protestant, and one a Jew. There has always been at least one woman on the program and one member of the colored races. The Peace Heroes Memorial Society will aim to perpetuate and extend this ceremony. Other groups are to be encouraged to conduct similar exercises in other cemeteries of Cincinnati and in the cemeteries of other localities.

We are counting upon your interest and help. Identified with the enterprise are persons who differ widely in their views of war. Some are "pacifists," some are militarists, and some have not come to a conclusion. They are united in the conviction that peace is the foundation of an enduring and worthy social order, that to work for peace is a good form of patriotic service. We invite you to join.

The dues are one dollar for three years, with the stipulation that each member secure at least one new member anually. Send application to Dr. Cronbach, 3431 Larona avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The officers are: Dr. Ernest L. Talbert, 266 Albion Place, Cincinnati, O., President; The Rev. Thomas I. Reilly, S. J., Hinkle Hall, St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, Ohio, Vice-President; Dr. Abraham Cronbach, 3431 Larona Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, Secretary; William S. Keller, M. D., 65 Groton Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, Treasurer.



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